

PICTORIAL LESSONS. A STOREKEEPER.

A NURSE.

A PUBLIC SPEAKER,
A SALENLADY, ETC. Eight Useful Lessons in A l. BEGIN IN MONDAY'S EVENING WORLD.

Horence Graid

A MAID'S WAY.

By SARAH LINDSAY COLEMAN.

rich-all of you here belong to a life of which I know

have never touched may life intimately-I didn't know

"Oh," the girl said, "how perfectly horrid I am! It's

life. I'm as poor as a church mouse. I work in my uncle's office from morning until night for a bare pit-

lance. Mumsic and I have to live on it, and we just

hold our heads high and do it. But we are hungry

"When I got the invitation here I bent every energy

to come, and Mumsie helped me-we did almost go

out, with flashing eyes. "But," in sudden change from

aggressiveness to appeal, "I don't want you to hate

me. I slipped away from them all to beg you not to."

Oh, the strength in his face, in his voice, in the

"He asked me, too, last night-just after you did-he is so old-so old-I couldn't say yes just then-

your eyes came between. I-I begged for time."
Williamson's hand closed suddenly on the fingers

whole matter, "you love me."
"I'm going to marry him," the girl said defiantly.

"I'm going to leave the stuffy office forever, and the

ache-and my back-and I go home so tired-so tired-

down at me-there's nothing much in the big, empty

you didn't say yes to the old fellow. I feel sorry for

as if you had said yes."

They had reached the station, and he gave the

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for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch weist meds- extra two-cent stamp for each pattern ure. It will be mailed for to cents. and they will be promptly malled by

If both patterns are wanted send 20 letter-post in sealed envelopes.

If in a hurry for your pattern send an ger Building, New York City.

Send money to "Cashier" World, Pulit-

they could hurt one so."

quiet hand that laid on hers.

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was a pretty bit of road. It climbed the hill to but little. It seems empty and wearlsome and vapid where a dainty white silhouette against the en-kindled sky, for the hour was sunset, the season spring, a slip of a girl stood waiting, her face tospring, a slip of a girl stood waiting, her face to-ward the brilliant west, dejection in every line of be disappointing. Women (his lips twitched boyishly) her sweet young body.

Williamson knew the silhouette-oh, how well he

As the smart trap came nearer he gave the reins to the groom and sprang to the ground.
"I came on purpose," the girl spoke half defiantly,

"I wanted to tell you-No," with a quick frown, Williamson helped her into the trap and sent the

groom on to the station.

"Well," he said at length, and sighed. Since she had not come to tell him the one thing nothing else mattered very much.

He took out his watch and consulted it gravely;

she leaned back as if she intended remaining indefinitely. It was a way she had. Perhaps other women last night. I will not starve and be shabby and go were like that—he did not know. The whole sweep of without all that makes life worth living," she broke his life had been away from women, "Well," he said again. Unconsciously he opened the other lid of his watch.

The girl gave a quick, amazed little cry. She leaned forward. "Where did you get my picture?"

Williamson laughed. There wasn't much mirth in the laugh. 'Waldmere and I are old friends," he said. "When

he asked me to the house party he inclosed this picture. I—that's why I came. House parties are not much in my line." He looked down at the picture with a wonderful softening of his rather stern face. "Did you think I was rich?" the girl asked, a touch of suspicion in her voice. Williamson hesitated.

'Did you want to marry me for my money?" This Williamson threw back his head and laughed-s

burst of genuine merriment. A line of hardness spoiled the curves of the girl's "I must thank Mr. Waldmere for his interest in me,

she said. "Not only my picture, but my private af-Williamson put up the watch and turned his eye

full on the girl. "Dear child," he said, "rich or poor, it does not mat-ter a raindrop to me. I hesitated because the ques-

A MIDSUMMER GOWN

Fancy Blouse 4145. Five-Gored Skirt 3881.

stitching is in black.

Embroidered Swiss muslins are exceedingly smart and make fascinating midsummer gowns. This admirable model is of pale blue with figures of black and white and is trimmed with deep cream lace and made with a fufront of cream chiffon, while the fancy

The waist is made over a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. The waist proper consists of fronts and back and is arranged over the foundation, closing invisibly beneath the left front The back is smooth across the shoulder and drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but the fronts are slightly full at the belt, where they blouse stylishly and becomingly. To the waist is seamed the big ornamental collar. The centre front is soft and full, is shirred across with tiny tucks at intervals and finished with a stock collar. The sleeves are in elbow length with soft frills, but these last can be cut longer and converted into puffed undersleeves of full length, gathered at the wrist into straight cuffs of lace, the pattern providing for both styles. The skirt is cut in five gores and fits with perfect smoothness over the hips, while it flares freely about the feet. The two flounces are cut with care and include just the amount of fuliness required by fashion, but when preferred the skirt can be made with one only or The quantity of material required for the medium size is: For blouse, 314 yards 21 inches wide, 3% yards 27 inches wide, 21/2 yards 32 inches, or 21/2 yards 41

cross the platform he put up her parasol to shield them from inquisitive eyes.
"But I'm going to say yes," she spoke stubbornly.

"You love me," he said. "I do not." But her face was downcast. "I love

myself. I love the things that he can give."
"There's but one thing, and you would want it so. The train came in. A sudden sternness had come ifito Williamson's

young face. If love was not more to her than all else besides; if she could give him up for an old man's money-It would wrench his heart-but he would leave her. She wasn't the girl whose warm dark eyes ooked from the picture in his watch. Awake from a beautiful dream he would go back and take up hi strenuous life.

The train began to move out. It was a long train and they stood at the edge of the platform.

d'Good-by, I am going now," said Williamson; bu

just that crazy people always think everybody else crazy. I never went to a house party before in my He was going! He despised her! Going! The care were passing swiftly now. Going—what were niches-what was anything without him? Going—and shi ouldn't tell him-she was choking so.

She clutched his hands wildly. "Good-by," he repeated. "Forget me."
The long train was almost past.

sometimes—not really for bread," seeing the look on his face, "but for life's goodles. But her words came fast, as April shower. "I want you without it all," she said. "I want you if we must hungry then, but 'what o' the way to the end?'—the end was a rich marriage. That's why I refused you. be poor. I'll tell him that he isn't available-rejected with thanks."

You have seen the sudden flash of sunlight on steel then you have seen Williamson's face. He swung up on the last coach, there wasn't time to do more, and stood there watching the flutter of her handkerchief until the train was lost around a

"Why, Miss Livingston," said a voice at her elbow as she crossed the platform to the trap, "I didn't know you were here. I believe I'did hear it, though. At the Waldmeres' party, aren't you? I've come down for the break-up. There was a girl on I know, so I that lay quiet under his.

didn't get off until the last minute. Just caught a "Why," he said, in a tone that for him settled the glimpse of old Billy. Never heard of him at a house

> The young fellow who called Mr. Williamson Billy put her in the trap and leaned over the wheel as though loath to go.

typewriter-I hate the typewriter. It makes my head "Billy's got a romantic notion that he wants to be and the splendid faces in the big brass frames look married for himself. I heard that he had the Waldnieres under promise not to mention his millions. Is room but the pictures—we've sold everything else to it so? Why (laughing), don't you know? collectors of antique furniture—and they seem to say. "Billy owns his town almost. He's President of the

'Poor little girl, poor little girl, we are sorry for Lord knows how many mills. He's absolutely crazy over his factory people's comfort, and is forever build-"Oh, now," Williamson said—there was a sudden ing churches and schools for them. They fairly wormist in his eyes—"we'll change all that. I'm glad ship him."

"Now, I wonder," said the fellow who called Willhim, a fellow feeling; but it won't be as hard for him jamson Billy, as he stooped and struck a match on his shoe, his eyes following the departing trap. "I wonder what that look on her face meant?" He laughed. tion had never been in my mind before. You may be horses to the groom, and as he guided her steps "Guess she's refused him, not knowing."

AT THE THEATRES NEXT WEEK.

NEW BILLS FOR THE ROOF GARDENS.



Changes of bills at the two Broadway roof gardens supply a welcome break in the midsummer theatrical dulness "The Chaperones" bids farewell at the New York to-night, and Mr. Hammer

In the new bill at the Brighton Beach Music Hall will be Williams and Walk-er in a new sketch, Zelma Rawiston, the Three Nevaros and Herbert's troupe of performing dogs.

THE WILD ROSE" CENTENARY.

pany will present "His Heart's Delight."
Vaudeville will supply the between-ect diversion as usual.
Over in Newark Raymon Moore will head the vaudeville bill at Proctor's. Others who will be employed will be the Brownings, James and Bonnie Farley, Georgie Lingard, Ford and Dot West, and Cornella and Melrose.
Huber's Fourteenth Street Museum will open its doors on Monday. This amusement place has undergone extensive alterations during the summer. The management presents as an opening bill Miss Fannie B. Tunison, the wonderful sag Harbor woman, who, deprived of the use of her arms and less, executes by lip and mouth beautiful specimens of sewing, needlework, painting and drawing; Trixle, a European performing borse, in feats of "horse sense," will also be a feature. Others who will do their share of entertaining are Louis Filber, magician; Eagle and Faun, sharpshooters; the Dexters, second sight; Mile Morello, educated dogs. The theatre bill includes Francis Wood. Barr and Denton, the Darlings, Marie Elmer. Hal and Gertle James, Sablae and Mullvaney, Mae Corey, the three Karnos and Leo F Welch.
Comedian Thomas Q. Seabrooke will be the sixth host of the "Chinese Honeyin the coldsummer theatriest dufners
The Chapterover binds fargered at the
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THE DEFENDER

Amusements.



Excursion and Switchback

\$1.50 Every evening and Saturday matines. Str. William Storie leaves Hattery Landing daily 10.10 A. M., 12.35. 3.10. 5.40. 7.50 P. M. All Staten Island ferries connect with ears to beach.

EXCURSION UP THE SOUND. TO GREAT NECK, SEA CLIFF, GLEN COVE at at 9 A. M. and West 199th at, at 9.15 A. M. and GLENWOOD. SUNDAY, JULY 27, 1902

Special train from foot Liberty at 8.30 A. M.:

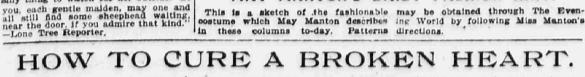
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MAY MANTON'S DAILY FASHION HINT.

WORK IS THE BEST REMEDY.

inches wide, with 21/2 yards of chiffon for

full front and undersleeves; for skirt, 10% yards of material 21 inches wide, 104

yards 27 inches wide, 914 yards 32 inches wide, or 6 yards 44 inches wide.

The waist pattern (4145) is cut in sizes

for a 32, 34, 36, 28 and 40-inch bust measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents. The skirt pattern (3881) is cut in sizes

SAME OLD LAMB. "Mary had a little lamb, it followed

her to church; and then stood around

the door like an owl upon a perch. Why don't the little lamb come in? the watch.

ful people cried. Why, Mary told the

stlly thing to watch for her outside. So

Broken hearts are, as a rule, far easier to mend than broken china. The true philosopher fails in and out of love with comparative composure, finding a pleasureable excitement in the process,

wided object who does not appreciate is affection and his virtues, says Helen Oldfield in the Chicago Tribune. Next to the philosophy which refuses worry over what cannot be helped and declines resolutely to kick against the pricks, the surest cure for a broken

and feeling a gentle pity for the mis-

heart is homoeopathic in principle. Like cures like. If you fall in love with one charming woman who will none of you, make haste to fall in love as ill have the good taste to return your

nay do what she likes with a man so one as there is no other woman. Tearts are more easily caught on the

from whatever source it may come, is the most soothing salve for a heart aching from the pangs of unrequited affection, still more when the smart is that of wounded vanity. If the application fails to heal the hurt it is almost certain to mitigate the pain.

Christian Science is admirably adapted as a remedy for broken hearts.

If you can succeed in persuading the victim of unrequited love that her ties ache has no existence outside of her imagination; if you can induce the disappointed lover to acknowledge that his passion is merely a fancy of the moment, your work is done and the cure is complete. The trouble being purely mental, ceases to exist the moment the mind of the sufferer denies it substance and reality, and the episode is as though it had never been.

Most efficacious, indeed the only remedy is that which God left to Adam when the banished him from Eden, the edy is that which God left to Adam when the banished him from Eden, the source of work.

"Get leave to work in this world; 'tis the best you get at all."

If you have no need to work for your self, work for others, which is still better. Throw yourself, body and brain, into that work, and do your task with all your might, leaving yourself no leisure for vain regrets nor for the more dangerous luxury of self-pity. Keep your thoughts away from yourself and your troubles, and practise self-pity. Keep your thoughts away from yourself and your troubles, and practise self-pity. Heep your thoughts away from yourself and your troubles, and practise self-pity. Heep your thoughts away from yourself and your troubles, and practise self-pity. Heep your thoughts away from yourself and your troubles, and practise self-pity. Heep your thoughts away from yourself no leisure for vain regrets nor for the more dangerous luxury of self-pity. Keep your thoughts away from yourself not proved the more for vain regrets nor for the more dangerous luxury of self-pity. Keep your thoughts away from yourself not practice. The resource of work of the resource of work of the

is as though it had never been. In such rare cases as those in which the anguish of what the world in all ages has elected to recognize as that of a breaking heart is persistent and obstinate; when vanity has nothing to do a ""h the matter, and the pain is too a keen to be dismissed as a fiction, the

QUITE BY ACCIDENT. Hoax+How did he make his money? Joax—Quite by accident.

Hoax—How was that?

Joax—tie lost a leg in a railroad wreck



Promotes the growth of the hair and gives it the lustre and silkiness of youth. It prevents Dandruff and hair falling and keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

MALARIA IS A GERM DISEASE

and can be quickly cured if the proper rem-edy is taken at once. Dr. Decker's Shake No More kills the germs in the blood, and restores to normal health. Dr. W. F. Deck-er, the great malarial expert, gave this rem-ery to the public twenty-three years ago-and it grows in favor each year. Sold ev-erywhere by druggists. Fifty cents.

TO-NIGHT PAIN'S ANCIENT ROME and

TO-DAY at 3,30, TO-NIGHT at 9.

PRIMROSE & DOCKSTADERS MINSTRELS
TO-DAY at SHANNON'S 23D BAND
G.30 P. M. SHANNON'S REG'T BAND
Wiley, James Irwin, Max Katzer, Eschert's Orch.

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THE DEFENDER

MATINES

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